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GHOSTS ANE GOBLINS

PEOPLE OF THE HILLS

KOREAN CLOTHES

APRIL

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The Korea Magazine

APRIL, 1919

Editorial Notes.

EDUCATIONAL conditions have made it impossible at present to continue our series of articles on the schools of Seoul, but we hope at a future time to be able to bring them to a successful conclusion.

MOMENTOUS events are taking place in Korea of which it is not the privilege of THE KOREA MAGAZINE at present to speak. It is hoped that in the near future we may be granted some of the rights which daily papers now alone possess.

THE cattle disease so prevalent recently in parts of Korea has been almost entirely conquered. Exports were prohibited, quarantine regulations enforced, some diseased cattle died, others were killed by the authorities, and a few recovered. It is hoped that there will be no further spread of the dread disease.

TORAI HOT SPRINGS.

It was our pleasure recently to be personally conducted to the Torai Hot Springs, having as our hosts Mr. M. Inouye, Assistant Traffic Manager, and Mr. S. Ishikawa, Assistant Construction Engineer, both of the South Manchuria Railway Headquarters at Ryuzan.

After rather extensive traveling in Japan, China and Korea, and having our impressions confirmed by conversations with other travelers, it is but just for us to say that in the matter of track, engines, day coaches, dining cars, sleeping cars and equipment we have yet to see in the East any railway

with service superior to that of the South Manchuria Railway in Chosen.

After a refreshing sleep on the train and good breakfast at the Station Hotel, Fusan, the ferry steamer plying between Shimonoseki and Fusan tied at the wharf was thoroughly inspected, and the port of Fusan was viewed from an automobile. Lack of space forbids even mention of the views obtained of historical remains, each with a long and interesting story.

Torai is connected with Fusan by an electric railway and an excellent automobile road, and a ride of three quarters of an hour brings one to the Japanese inn containing the best of the springs.

We were informed that later especial provision is to be made for foreign tourists. At present the accommodations are all Japanese style, food, lodging and bathing facilities. We enjoyed the food, partaking rather sparingly, however, of two or three kinds, especially the raw fish. When it was time for bathing a Japanese maid proffered her assistance in disrobing, but as we had from early childhood been accustomed to performing this task without help from others, the offer was now gently but firmly declined.

The amount of privacy in the baths depends on the number of visitors at the time. In the inn at which we stayed are three excellent pools, of varying size, the smallest being perhaps six by nine feet, family size. At the first plunge the beautifully clear water seems to be unduly hot, but after a time it is found to be easily bearable, and thoroughly enjoyable. It is said that chemical analysis has demonstrated the efficacy of the water both for external and internal use, being especially good for rheumatism and all digestive ailments.

The military authorities are now sending disabled and convalescent soldiers to Torai, and a special building has been set aside for their use. Thousands of people visit this resort annually, and when the new plans are matured for the accommodation of foreigners, including a few English-speaking interpreters, there will undoubtedly be many tourists breaking their journey for the enjoyment of the healing waters.

A rather amusing incident was related concerning the recent visit of a party knowing nothing of the Japanese language, and who without an interpreter had to make all their wants and wishes known by sign language.

Our hosts are excellent students of English, will visit America this year, and left nothing undone to make our trip to Torai one long to be remembered with pleasure.

THE PAST.

BY

YI HON (1260 A. D.)

But yesterday the blossoms filled the trees,
 To-day the branches hang wide-stripped and bare.
 Thou, East Wind, tell me why such ruthless haste,
 That flowers that bloom are jostled on their way?
 Let not the flower be happy o'er its lot,
 Nor over sad to think it has to fall;
 For though the flower is fallen and passed away,
 The time will come when life revives again.
 Have you not seen within the gilded hall
 How red cheeks pale, and smile fade fact away?
 The wise and foolish all alike depart,
 While round graves dot the surface of the land.
 I'll give it up. Let's have a glass to cheer;
 Our sorrow and our tears can nought avail.

OPPERT'S RAID IN 1868.

BY

PAK KYOO-SOO (朴圭壽) (1807-1876 A. D.)

NOTE: Pak Kyoo-soo was one of Korea's lords of the pen and while Chancellor of the College of Literature wrote the memorials for the King that were sent to the Chinese Emperor. Among them we find this communication regarding Oppert's expedition in 1868. Remember, it reads as though the King had written it.—EDITORS.

"We would humbly solicit the influence of Your High Majesty to put right certain unpleasant matters that have come to us at the hands of the foreigners.

"In the 7th year of Tong-ji, 4th Moon and 21st day (14th May, 1868) the Provincial Governor of Ch'ung-ch'ung wrote me a communication that reads as follows: 'The magistrate of Tuk-san (德山) reports that a foreign ship put into the adjoining harbour and cast anchor; and that several hundred westerners invaded the county-seat, broke open the official stores, carried off the military supplies and made their way directly north to Ka-ya Mountain where they dug into the tomb of Prince Nam-yun. The sight of it was too dreadful to behold. The soldiers of the district gave chase, so that the wretches did not have time to dig into the coffin, though they damaged the shape of the mound greatly and did much harm to the surroundings.'

"I (the King) learning this, was in great distress and terror not knowing what to do. Prince Nam-yun's grave is none other than the grave of my grandparents. As to what nation these pirates belong, I cannot say, or what enmity possesses them I do not know that they should land thus and desecrate the tomb of one's ancestors. Such a vile, depraved act I have never before seen recorded in history.

"On another day in the 4th Moon, I received a communication from a captain of a fort near Kang-wha Island which reads 'A pirate ship put in here before the fort and anchored. It sent a communication, impudent in its manner and outrageous in its request. I resisted it by a stern reply, when suddenly its crew of thieves came ashore and went about terrorizing the neighbourhood. The soldiers bravely made an attack on them and killed many with their spears and guns. The remainder made their escape to the ship, weighed anchor and put off.'

"I look this letter of theirs over and it reads 'I am an Ari-mang (Allemagne German) admiral,' but as to whether Ari-mang is the name of a country or a particular place I do not know. The translation accompanying the letter was not in the

style of a Chinaman, but rather looked like the effort of a backwoods native of our own country. Evidently it was done by some renegade Korean who has gone abroad and is now trying to work his country damage by the hand of the foreigner. If not so why should the so-called Ar-i-mang have any reason to come here at all and pick a quarrel with us? This is an act outside all the ordinary laws that govern humanity and cannot be explained in any other way. How could foreigners too, coming alone, find their way into so intricate a harbour, and make straight for the point they desired?

"I would recall the fact that in the 4th Moon of this year among a band of religious fanatics arrested was one Chang Chi-soon who confessed that as many as seven wicked men of his county had been in communication with Westerners, crossed the sea and got into touch with them at Shanghai and Chefoo. Doubtless all the visits from foreign ships have been caused by these rascals who have planned and arranged them. After a close investigation the evidence unfailingly points to this. The foreigner's taking up with these outlaws and visiting our shores thus, proves that they also have very bad intentions. Is this not a cause for uneasiness?

"My humble desire is that the prestige and power of the Imperial Court which extends far and wide and rules over the outlying territories, may not let such lawless men as these escape, men who cover their tracks, turn traitors to their country and ply the craft of thief and robber. Our little state depends on the great power of Your Imperial Majesty to carry out our laws. Since therefore, the Great Empire sees to and protects us, we know that in a matter of the sort Your Majesty will give us help for our day of trouble. This we ask for in fear and reverence. Did we not speak of it we should be showing a spirit of indifference to the Ruler that has so often shown us kindness.

"Formerly when foreign ships were caught by storms and wrecked on our coast we rescued the crews and gave supplies and sent them safely on their way. Recently, however, these strange ships come without any excuse of wind or weather,

and while we desire to follow the example of Your Majesty and treat all foreigners with kindness, it is impossible with those who invade us, offer us every sort of insult and even dig into our ancestors' graves.

"As for the future we cannot but regard them as sworn enemies, and we have decided not to treat them with any such liberality as hitherto.

"We state only the main facts and pray that Your Majesty will graciously condescend to help. Also as to Ar-i-mang whether it is the name of a state or place please to let us know."

A Korean who lived near this tomb tells me the following: "When the old Regent was in office he slaughtered many of the Christians. They, therefore, were his enemies and swore vengeance. The belief of the common folk was that the Regent's prosperity rested in this propitious grave in Ka-ya. If this grave were only put out of commission the day of the Regent's power would fall. Word was that the foreigners instigated by the Christians set sail, put into Tang-jin Harbour and anchored. Several hundred of them made a wild rush to Kai-kol and began digging. The rumour went abroad that they had carried away the coffin. A fearful odour resulted, not from the dead, but from something the foreigner had brought with him and the country side was smitten. People went about for days with their fingers on their noses.

"The official who was sent later to inspect declared, however, that the coffin was intact and so the hole was filled up and the mound restored.

"A little after this some wild pigs came and rooted about the grave. Word of it reached the Regent and he sent out orders to have all the pigs in the province slaughtered." Kim remembers as a little boy seeing this day of judgment for the pigs and hearing their screams.

He was inclined to give the Frenchman credit for this brigandage till I told him that Ar-i-mang was Germany and not France. Also, Dr. Allen tells in his Chronological Index that Oppert, a German, left Shanghai in the ships "Greta" and "China" flying the North-German flag, his expedition

being fitted out in order to obtain "buried treasure" from Korea. This, it seems, was the German way of doing things in 1868 much the same as today. My Korean friend seemed perplexed.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE IN KOREA.

(心靈哲學)

Christian Science, the remarkable creation of Mrs. Eddy, has found its way to Korea and now propagates its views under the shadow of In-wang Mountain, Seoul, beside the ancient altar where the *Sa-jik* (社稷) used to be worshipped. It is surely the most startling religious movement seen among English-speaking peoples during the last half century.

Mrs. Eddy's formula, "God is All in all. God is good. Good is mind. God, Spirit, being all, nothing is matter. Life, God, omnipotent Good, deny death, evil, sin, disease," come very close to the sayings and teachings of the Buddha, as well as the Old Philosopher (老子). Assuredly they will sound familiar in the ears of the Oriental.

The Buddhist, who, after much meditation awakens to the fact that matter is nothing, and that spiritual entities are all, reminds us of the Christian Scientist. A sentence like the following, spoken 1,200 years ago, and written down in this form in the year 1200, suggests Christian Science: "The universal law is Mind. If you diligently count your beads and say, 'My sickness is cured' your sickness will indeed depart. Never say 'I am not yet well.'"

This is a Buddhist quotation. The Taoists likewise believe that there is a sphere in the world of thought where you may slough off all the trammels that attend this mortal body, and fly through space, free as Peter Pan, living, not like the wandering Jew in perpetual bondage, but like the Christian Scientist amid a freedom that is boundless.

The other day in passing through the western part of Seoul, the writer noticed a sign-post marked *Sim-ryung Chulhak Kwan* (心靈哲學館), Office of the Science of the Mind. Though the word Christian was absent the sign-post suggest-

ed Christian Science, and at once he sent a messenger to make inquiry. The gentleman in charge, Mr. Ko Heui-joon, received him kindly, told him what the purpose of the teaching was and gave a pamphlet to explain it from which I make the following quotations :

“Sim-ryung Hak is the scientific investigation of the mind. Now Science is the highest of all attainments in the sphere of knowledge, and includes everything else. Its object is the greater happiness of mankind. From ancient times scientists have been taken up with useless laws, and, following the lead of the merely abstract, have failed of any satisfactory fruitage. For this reason people regard science as something beyond their interest, or possibility of attainment. We are deeply distressed that this should be so for however high a truth may be, if it cannot be applied to every day life, it is nothing more than an empty dream. Keeping this fact in mind and continuing the investigation for many years Mind Science has discovered how the real person is related to the physical body, and has applied its laws to the elimination of sickness, that constant dread of man, to the relieving of the mind from all anxiety, to the impartation of a peaceful, happy life. Its aim is to develop more and more the original powers with which nature has gifted us making life's way easy. Thus the Science of the mind seeks to gain men's hearts and teach them something that every man and woman ought to know.”

Following this is an account of the Society telling how it is organized, how it carries on its work, and where its various offices are to be found.

It closes with a paragraph on the cure of sickness which runs as follows :

“The law by which Mind Science cures sickness is the perfect law that governs life. This is indeed the great Gospel of the 20th Century. In the most enlightened nations it finds its most familiar haunt. In America alone, according to recent reports, there are 18,500,000 members, including the wisest in the land. It is the one great scientific discovery that contains the whole truth. Some say that it is useful to cure imaginary sickness only, but this is not so. Such a per-

son evidently does not yet know what the law of life means. The best proof of its efficacy is seen in those healed who have long been victims of real disease. Though it be denied a thousand times, if the proof remains, that settles it. The following are some of the diseases and physical imperfections that it cures: Blindness, deafness, epilepsy, insanity, consumption, dyspepsia, paralysis, rheumatism, beri-beri, spinal disease, sore-eyes, nervous troubles, syphilis, in fact any trouble that may beset the human frame."

Certain rules regarding their medical practice are expressed thus: "The hours for seeing patients run from 8:00 A. M. till 9:00 P. M. We rest on Sunday. For one treatment the charge is 50 sen; one week's treatment costs 3 yen; two weeks 5 yen; and one month 9 yen.

"One course of study lasts ten days for which 20 yen is charged. Anything needed beyond this in the way of teaching is given gratis."

The reader will doubtless agree that this is Christian Science though the name Christian does not appear, and no reference to Christ or Christianity is made.

LANGUAGE STUDY.

(경험 AND 실험)

Taking at random one of the many words that pass us in modern use we would suggest that the student make the acquaintance of the sound *kyung-hum* (經驗) catch it, dissect it, analyse it, experiment with it and use it till you can count it as your servant.

Words are really of no use unless they come on instant call. The moment that your thought awakes, the word must be there, quicker than 'greased lightning' as I have heard some rather vulgar boys say at school. If it lingers, or dallies, or falters, it is of no use. You must train it, teach it, coax it, whip it up, practise it, till it comes automatically or goes flashing like wireless out through space.

Now as to *kyung-hum* let us dissect it. *Kyung* (經) means *to pass by*, as one who goes on his way, or as the sun that rises, swings across the sky, and sets. *Hum* (驗) means *to examine, to test*, so that the two coupled together become a word in the vernacular *kyung-hum*, *experience* a noun; or *to experience* a verb.

Take the following sentences:—

그약은경험방이오

That medicine is a tested remedy.

그일을내가경험하여보았소

I have tried my hand at that work, or, I am experienced in that matter.

경험만흔사람

A man of great experience.

Related to *kyung-hum* is *sil-hum* (實驗) a *practical experiment*, such as medical students should be acquainted with before going out to practise on the public. An experiment in chemistry, in surgery, etc., stands at the other extreme from *i-ron* (理論) or pure discourse, theory only.

리화학은실험이업시면쇼용업소

Without practical experiments in study natural philosophy and chemistry are quite useless.

Sil-hum (實驗) and *si-hum* (試驗) are not the same though they are second cousins. Try to find wherein they are related and wherein they differ.

J. S. G.

GHOSTS AND GOBLINS.

BY HONG MAN-CHONG. (洪萬宗)

NOTE:—What are we to do with a story like this? The priest who told Mr. Hong may have made it up, though that is hardly likely, seeing that Hong was a man of high standing and the priest only a humble follower of the Buddha. Hong, though a man of great learning and good sense, believed it and herewith passes it on to future generations. In those days, the waning days of the Stuarts, the world had much more to do with spooks and goblins than it has to-day, but seldom do we hear of

any that had hair on them, hoofs or a tail or anything of that kind, and seldom were they caught and examined as closely as this one was. We give it as an example of what queer things men thought in those not very distant days.—Editors.

In the Chi-ri Mountains of Chulla Province there lived a priest called Nan-ya, who, among other things, used to cover up the fire in the kitchen at night so that he would have it for next day's use. He noticed that on several occasions, someone came in the dark, scattered it all about and put it out. In the morning he found great trouble in getting the fire lighted so he determined to sit guard and see who did it. In the dead of night something large like a human being flew in through the smoke-hole of the roof and came down to where the fire was. It brushed away the cover of ashes and sat warming its hands.

The priest rushed out of his hiding-place to lay hold of the creature but it flew off and was gone.

The next day he made a trap and hung it over the opening where the creature had come, in such a way that it could enter but not get out.

Again that night it came, and as the priest rushed out to catch it once more it flew, but was caught in the trap and so taken. In appearance it had a man's face, eyes, nose and mouth, but over its body was long hair growing.

He asked, "Are you a man or are you a goblin? Why do you come here?"

The creature put out its tongue and moved its lips, but what it said was impossible to understand. He held it a prisoner for several days and then let it go when it flew away like the wind.

We read that in ancient times a general of Soo (隋), Son Sung (孫晟) when hunting in the Yu Hills (玉山), where Chin-si (秦始皇) lies buried, he met a hairy woman that flew from tree to tree, and sat in the boughs like a bird. He made a trap and caught her and asked, "Who are you and where do you come from?"

She replied, "I was a palace-maid in the days of Chin-si (221 B. C.), who built the Great Wall and when Hang-oo (項

羽) made his attack on us I made my escape to the hills, where I was overtaken by hunger and had nothing to eat but pine-needles. Thus have I lived till this day."

From the days of Chin (秦) to Soo (〇) is about a thousand years. I imagine the creature the priest met was some such being as this.

THE LOUSE.

NOTE:—The louse is an unmentionable insect, so let our consideration of it here be purely academic. So long ago it was a pest that even the Buddhist felt he ought to rid the earth of. Still with him there was the question of conscience. Should he take life? Did not the Buddha create all things, why should he kill even a louse? Something of Cowper's mind was his when he said, "I honour not the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

Yi Kyoo-bo's world was the world of the Buddha so the killing of a louse might easily be a question to ponder over for a day, but Sung Hyun lived in the practical days of the Confucian era and has no qualms whatever about putting a quietus on the horrible beast.

THE LOUSE AND THE DOG.

BY

YI KYOO-BO (1165-1241 A. D.)

Some one said to me, "I saw a great hulk of a fellow last night take a club and beat a poor dog to death. It was pitiful, and my heart was sore for it. From now on I have sworn an oath never to eat dog flesh again."

I said to him, "I too, yesterday saw a man take from his body a louse and drop it into the glowing brazier. I felt bad on account of it and so swore an oath that I would never harm the insect again."

The guest sat silent for a time and then said, "But a louse is an infinitesimal creature and is not worth the notice, while a big beast's dying is different, and is a pitiful sight to see. That is why I spoke of it. But your reply by reference to a louse is surely an attempt to ridicule me."

I said again, "Not so, anything that has life, from man down on through the world of animals, cattle, horses, etc., to beetles, bugs, and crawling insects all have a desire to live and a dislike to die. In this they are alike. Why is it that you are disturbed only when big things are killed and have no thought for the little? As to whether it is a dog that dies or a louse it is in reality one and the same. Hearing what you said I replied in a way I thought appropriate. Why do you think I am making fun of you? If you do not believe what I say try it once on your ten fingers by biting them. Does your thumb alone hurt and not your little finger as well? In one and the same body it makes no difference as to size or to joints and ligatures. They all have life alike and so feel the sharp twinge of pain, how much more things that in themselves have breath and life. Why should one dislike to die and one not mind it?"

Go now and think well over it and when once you regard the snail as you do the ox, and the wren as you do the stately war horse, come to me and we'll talk religion together.

SYUNG HYUN (1439-1504 A. D. says :

Louse, whence come you?
 For underhanded evil ways you beat the world.
 Your haunt is in the deep recess of seam and fold,
 Where eye can never reach you.
 Around the trouser waist you hide,
 Where hands can never trace or find.
 You pride yourself on this fine skill of yours.
 No end is there to all the blood you suck
 With itching bites that overcome the man.
 He scratches fiercely till he grips and casts you in the fire.
 The fire refuses to accept.
 I give you to the ants to eat,
 And yet the ants say, "No."
 The only way is on a surface hard
 Beneath my good thumb-nail
 I say "You rascal you, rascal you
 Why do you act so one must take your life?"

PEOPLE OF THE HILLS

by

KIM CH'ANG-HYUP (金昌協 1651-1708 A. D.)

NOTE:—There were evidently little and big Kaisers in old days as well as now, and peoples lives were rendered miserable by their governments rather than secure and happy. This little poem, written two hundred years and more ago tells its tale.

Down from my horse, I ask who's living here,
 And all the women rush to see me come.
 I seat me neath the overhanging thatch
 While they prepare my rice and seasoned soup.
 "Where is the master of the house?" I ask.
 "He's gone with ox and halter to the hills,
 These hills are full of stones and hard to plough,
 And so he comes when day has fallen full late.
 We have no neighbours near to answer calls,
 But only fowls and dogs to break the spell.
 There are within the thicket, tiger lords,
 And those who gather herbs must fearful be."
 "Why do you live in such a place as this,
 Mid rocks and fells of such a wasted world?"
 "We'd like to live down on the lower plane,
 But magistrate and rulers are our dread."

 GOD.

NOTE:—It is interesting to see how the ancients regarded God, the great Creator and Upholder of the universe. He was to them not an indefinite expanse of sky, as some erroneously think, but a pure and sinless personality having thought, feelings and purposes. The great aim and end of life was to please Him, or as the Westminster Catechism says, to glorify and enjoy Him forever.

Here are three illustrative statements taken from the History of Koryu (高麗) written about 1450 A. D. by the Prime Minister Chung In-ji (鄭麟趾).—Editors.

In the year 1106 A. D. when there had been a long drought with no signs of rain but hail only, the King called his ministers together and had them pray to the Most High God (昊天上帝) and offer sacrifice in the Whoi-ryung Palace.

In 1142 A. D. the King of the Yu-jin Tartars sent a messenger to King In-jong of Korea urging on him a good and virtuous rule. He said, 'God's (天) thoughts are too deep for human understanding, and yet we know that His favour is not the possession of any one person. To him who truly loves virtue God gives a hundred evidences and signs of His approval. Do not think that because you are strong that you may rob the weak; or because you are high and mighty that you may use your possessions extravagantly. Give no place, I pray you, to gluttony or selfish pleasure. Take what I say to heart, and find rich blessing and a happy people over whom to rule.'

In 1146 A. D. King In-jong fell ill and his fate hung in the balance. He gave as a last message to his son this word, 'I am a man of little virtue and so have held this high office with great fear as he who is on the edge of deep waters, or holds by a breaking rope. I was never sure as to how to act or just what to do. God (天) has sent trouble upon me and my sickness fails to find a remedy. In view of God's purposes (天心) I tremble as I look up and before my people I am made ashamed. Night and day I ponder over my sins as to how to escape them. There are a thousand things to see to, for the state and the throne must not be left empty, nor should the office that God has given stand idle.'

KOREAN CLOTHES.

In the West where most things are in a state of flux, and surprises confront one almost daily, dress changes comparatively little. True we had wigs, long-tailed coats and knickerbockers, all the way from Cromwell to George Washington, but in the last hundred years men's dress has remained pretty generally the same. Frock-coats, cut-aways, dinner-jackets,

etc. come and go without any very noticeable surprise, whereas in Korea there have been the most startling innovations in the way of dress during the last thirty years.

When the writer came to this country the first thing that completely bowled him over, speaking metaphorically, was the manner of dress. Men walked the streets in long tinted robes made of the finest silk, with a girdle across the chest of blue, or green, or scarlet. Nebuchadnezzar, himself, was surely never so adorned. The wide sleeves hung down on each side deeper and more capacious than aunt Miranda's pocket. Sometimes this robe was divided at the back, sometimes at the sides; sometimes it was a complete 'roundabout' or *tooroomaki*. On the gentleman's head was a head-band, tied, after long practice, tight enough to squeeze tears from the eyes. Above the head was a little cap beautifully woven of horsehair. Above this sat the gauze hat, a cage for the topknot, that you dimly glimpsed through the meshes. Over his eyes was a huge pair of spectacles, much like those Americans affect today though more stunning in appearance. Back of his ears were gold buttons or jade; under his chin a lovely string of amber beads; in his right hand a waving fan; on his feet the daintiest pair of shoes mortal ever wore, wedded to a pair of socks, white, as Malachi's fuller never dreamed, the only really beautiful footgear in all the world.

As he walked along with measured tread, the lengthy robe adding inches to his height, he was indeed one of the most startling surprises that the eye of the West ever rested on. With our coarse tweed and stogy shoes, we must surely have been to him like the barbarians he had read of for a thousand years but had never seen before.

Today the glory has departed from the Korean gentleman, and he wears a white robe fastened with common buttons under the arm, the sleeves narrowed down to the plainest commonplace. The top-knot, the headband, the cap, the gauze hat are gone, and he wears an ordinary bowler, or soft felt. His shoes are the mere ghost of what they used to be, or more often an uninteresting pair of leather boots such as foreigners wear. This is the common costume, in which he

goes with a pair of leather boots, crowned with a cheap felt hat, and covered with long white robe between.

This is a fair illustration of the mixed, unpoetic world of dress in which we live today, a dress divested of all ornament and reduced to the Bolshevikian level of every body looking alike and every man doing the same thing.

The Korean dress has had a long ancestry coming down through a thousand years and more. A few notes gathered from the *Yul-yu-Kewi-sool* (燃藜記述) may be interesting.

"In the year 648 A. D. King Moon-moo of Silla paid a visit to the Tangs and there decided to adopt their state dress as his own. The Emperor Tai-jong in approval of this, gave him samples of the dresses used in the Empire."

"In the opening days of Koryu (950 A. D.) the matter of dress which had fallen into great disorder, was specially considered, and the King commanded Ch'oi Yun-heun to collect all the ancient models and improvise something new using the best he could find from the Tangs as his chief pattern. This fashion continued to be the dress of the people till the time of the Mongols (1230 A. D.) when Korea began to cut the hair of the head in front and plait a pig-tail behind. The dress of the Mongols was used for about a hundred years until the Mings came in, when we bowed to them and received what they gave us in the way of clothes."

"A very curious discussion arose in 1275 as to the proper colour for Korean dress. The Office of Historians maintained that as Korea hung on the eastern rim of Asia its colour should be Green, as its symbol was Wood and its flavour Sour. White was the colour that pertained to the West, and white the Tibetans or the Mongols of the Gobi Desert might dress in, but not Koreans. It was argued by others that Korea, as regards land and race, took its rise in the Ever White Mountains to the north, so the North should be the ruling compass point, and of necessity the colour then should be Black. This idea carried the day and from that time on officials wore black coats and green hats, suggesting a Tree the symbol of Korea—green at the top. Trees were planted on the hills to make all the world as green as possible."

"During the Japan War of 1592 the matter of dress fell into great confusion. It would seem that whenever the state forgot, for a time, to take dress under consideration the people reverted to white as the national colour. In 1592, in 1660, and again in 1691 we find government orders issued forbidding white."

"In 1767 the king made a proclamation which ran: "When we forbade the use of white someone said, 'Keui-ja wore white and white therefore is the national colour.' I am grieved to think that my people have forgotten what Keui-ja taught and remember only what he wore." If any of the candidates for examination came dressed in white, the official classes military and civil, banded together against them to boycott them and put them out."

Notwithstanding the orders of the King, its point on the compass face, its love of gaudy colour, Korea still holds to Keui-ja's dress, white. Even in these days of change and counter-change, white holds its own and New Years 1919 sees the streets of the capital lined as of yore with the sons and daughters of Keui-ja.

THE KOREAN ENVOY'S JOURNEY TO PEKING IN 1712.

(Continued from the *March* number)

Peking. 1st moon (1713) 13th day. Cloudy. A high wind.

Early in the morning the sound of the great bell was heard from the Imperial Palace, like that which we heard on the first day of the moon. It indicated, I was told, that the Emperor was returning from a sacrifice offered at the Altar of Agriculture. I looked out over the west wall, but there was nothing to be seen but the Mongol tents. I counted them and found there were about 30 large and 30 small ones. The interpreter told me that the Mongols would remain in Peking till the 3rd Moon and take their departure after the birthday

of the Emperor. Why they remain so long I cannot understand as every day costs them much in the way of mutton, rum-rice and horse fodder. Some say they wish to see the Imperial birthday and offer their felicitations, as well as to be present at the choosing of the Crown Prince, but I do not know definitely as to this.

A Manchoo brought ten cups of tortoise shell for me to see, and the price he asked was very low. I wished to buy when one of the servants said to me, "These are not real tortoise-shell, sir, but only imitation. If you put water into them they will soon crack and become useless. I was once cheated myself and so I know." However I looked them carefully over and concluded that they were not imitation.

A wild barbarian to-day by the name of Ma-pai-ro Tamga came in and presented me with a package of tobacco.

Peking. 14th day. Windy Morning.

The Chinese interpreter Moon Pong-sun informed me that his son was to be married on that day and that he was having a feast. So he sent a collation to the Envoy and the Secretary, two tables, on one of which were various kinds of fish and meat, and on one all sorts of sweetmeats and dainties gathered from land and sea. Everything was very dainty and clean. Between these were dishes of all sorts steaming with soup, etc. I tried this and that and found everything very agreeable to the taste. Clams, beche-de-mer, and cod-fish were to be seen as well. Among the fruits were "dragon's-eyes," oranges, pears, persimmons, in fact every kind of fruit that grows. I took the peel off the oranges and picked the fruit to pieces to eat it. Rice candy (*yak-pap*) was also present, made like that in our own country, very delicious in flavour. The plates and cups were all larger than what we use in our country, and were made of decorated porcelain. On the two tables I counted 58 dishes in all.

As a return present for this liberal entertainment I sent two rolls of paper, one tobacco-pouch and two fine pens. To the man who brought it I also gave a fan and a tobacco-pouch.

Yoo Pong-san now came in with the son of some wild Manchoo in tow, whom he said was governor. The lad was

very handsome and certainly wore the stamp of a distinguished race. I asked him his age and he said fourteen. Again I asked him his name but he merely wrote "Poo", without the given-name. His dress was costly and beautiful, the outside coat being lined with blue silk. The sides were decorated with gilded girdle strings, and had on them knot-buttons and button-holes most wonderfully made. He carried a short knife with a green porpoise skin case that had evidently come from Korea. I gave him some pine-nut cake, about half of which he ate, leaving the rest.

Late in the evening the wind fell and the moon came out brightly. Sounds of flutes, bamboo-pipes, and drums were heard on all sides, while fire-crackers snapped and crackled everywhere. The sound of carts passing kept up the live-long night. From early in the morning I had been troubled with a kind of dizziness that prevented my going out to walk, so I had some sparrow-tongue tea prepared and felt better. I did not go out beyond the gates however. At night Kim Tuk-sam and Sin Chi-soon came to see me and we ate dried persimmons together. I gave them a few hawthorns and plums and we said good night.

Peking. 15th day. Cloudy.

Today cake was sent in from the kitchen that was something like our rice candy (*yak-pap*). I was delighted with it. The Chinaman, Pak Teuk-in, also sent me a great variety of cakes and candies. Among these I found some Korean *kan-jung* as well as two packages of *moon-tan* sweetmeat, and a number of pumelos. One I measured with a string and it was nine inches and a half round. Its flavour was very agreeable, sweet, and yet tart and full of juice, a very delightful fruit indeed. Comparing it with an orange it is larger and the skin is out of proportion, rather thick.

He sent me also deer-tail, which I had roasted, but I found it was somewhat spoiled from over long keeping.

When the evening meal was over I went out to take exercise in the west court and the Secretary came also. He had chairs brought and we sat and talked, Yoo Pong-san joining us as well. He reported that the Chinese interpreter had told

Kim Choong-wha that the Emperor is about to take a Mongol for his son-in-law, "Korea" said he, "has shown much more honour to the Emperor than ever the Mongols have. If you people make petition to provide the son-in-law I am sure His Majesty would not refuse."

When the Secretary heard this he said to Yoo "Go in, old chap, and secure the place for yourself." So they joked and jested with each other.

Now the Manchoo looks upon the Mongol as a mere beast, and yet the Emperor gives his daughter in marriage to one of them. This, so the Chinese interpreter says, is a source of very great disappointment and disgust.

Regarding this I said, "But if such a hero as So-moo (蘇武) (100 B. C.) could marry with a wild barbarian and have children, why should not the daughter of the Emperor marry with a Mongol? What's wrong about it?" They all laughed at the idea.

I also said, "However, today, if So-moo should come back to earth the officials would doubtless make a terrible row and prove that he was a barbarian and a disgrace to his country." All agreed saying, "Yes, that's so." I added, "When So-moo was an exile living in a cave, he ate hair from his mattress, mixed with snow. What thoughts could have possessed him, such a time to make him marry? Surely he must have been a greater champion of mankind than even Yoo Pong-san." Here they all laughed together.

I had heard that in China on the 15th of the 1st moon lanterns were used in great profusion, but looking over the wall to-night none were to be seen. Some tell me that, as is the case in our own country, they are hung under the eaves and so do not show from the outside. Sky rockets were heard ascending from every courtyard. These they also call lanterns. They assumed the shapes of birds, beasts, trees, plants, in fact all sorts of things. As they burst and opened out their forms appeared. The cost of them in some cases ran up to several hundred cash; while those the Emperor had for himself cost thousands. Looking from the inside of the wall I saw a great flame shoot up toward the sky with many kinds

of strange and uncanny accompaniments. This is what is called a "fire-gun."

Even till late at night the rumble of drums continued, mingled with the sound of carts, horses and fire-crackers keeping up an endless din. I could not get out, however, to see it as the gates were fast locked. It is very distressing to be made so much a prisoner.

When the Emperor was at the Chang-ch'oon Palace he ordered a great feast to be prepared with lanterns hung. At this feast were gathered the Imperial princes, the King of the Mongols also being present to take part.

As the 2nd Envoy's officer, Ch'oi Tuk-chun, on his way to get water, was returning by the Cho-yang Gate, his attending soldier went off to buy something and was arrested and taken to the City Yamen. This was told the Envoy and the soldier was beaten and reprimanded for going off thus by himself. From this time on the matter of drawing water was rendered more and more difficult for us.

Peking. 16th day. Fine weather.

The Chief Interpreter, Pak Tong-wha brought me two pots of flowers, one a rose and one a plum. He said he had got them from a Chinaman named Cheung Se-tai. The flowers were very beautiful, this variety of rose being called in our country the Mountain Tea Plant. I had doubts before but seeing it now I was confirmed in the conclusion that they were one and the same.

In the evening the interpreters came and gathered in the court.

Kim Eung-hun said, "In a talk with the Chief Chinese interpreter I asked about the princes of the Court as to who was good and who was bad. He said, 'They are a lot of rascals, every one of them. Among them the 8th is a little better than the rest, a peaceable sort of man, but the 10th is a very bad fellow. When Kang-heui dies we shall see a sorry state of things surely.'

"Such words as these they speak with uncovered lips. I said to him. 'The tribute paid yearly is to the Emperor. If he dies what reason will there be for our continuing to come?'

"The Chinese Interpreter answered, 'That's so.' They did not mind talking thus in the least.

"The Chinese Interpreter again said, 'His Imperial Majesty is a man of great wisdom and so must know his sons as to who is good and who is bad, yet he leaves them without definitely settling as to who shall succeed him. He must have some reason for this.'"

The Korean Interpreter asked, "Is it true that the Emperor goes out at the first of the new year to the shrine of Teung-chang Koon? Who is this Teung-chang Koon?"

They replied, "Teung-chang Koon is not a person's name but the name of the cap of the father of No-ra-ji (founder of the Manchoo dynasty). This cap is kept in the shrine and so the Emperor goes there on the first of the year to burn incense to it."

"Is it because it is so precious?" asked the interpreter. "Why no?" was the answer, "It is only a seal skin cap eaten with moths." So they all laughed.

Moon Pong-sun, a Chinaman, remarked that the Empress Dowager was not the Emperor's real mother. The Interpreter asked, "But how comes that?"

Pong-sun replied, "Emperor Soon-chi lost his empress and so he had the palace ladies-in-waiting invited to a feast, where all the princesses and wives of high officials as well took part. Among them was the wife of a Ming general Tong-se, a very beautiful woman. Soon-chi saw her, and captivated by her beauty, did not allow her to leave the palace. The husband, on learning this, committed suicide. Soon-chi then took her and Kang-heui was born. The Empress who now lives, however, is not she but his step-mother. We learned that the Emperor was very devout in his attention to her, that the Empress was good and that she greatly assisted in affairs of state. Some time previous when the Emperor went to Mukden, he desired to pay a visit to the Ever White Mountain, but the people of Korea hearing of it were greatly alarmed. Then it was that the Empress pretended to have fallen ill, and had the Emperor called home, so that he at once went back to

Peking. This one act if no other, would show her a wise and tactful woman.

"The Emperor's readiness to fall in with her wishes is evident in many instances. We had heretofore understood that she was his real mother, but hearing now that it was not so, his acts and behaviour seemed more commendable than ever."

Moon Pong-sun again said, "No-ra-chi's father when he lived to the east of the Ever White Mountain, had five brothers who were all good horsemen and renowned archers. Children used to sing, 'A Son-of-Heaven (Emperor) will come from among six brothers.' No-ra-chi, with this in mind, made his constant prayer to God. Later he removed and came and lived in Koon-joo and from there took his rise and became Emperor.

"Where he originally lived is not far distant from Korea. Once in Eui-joo I heard people from the north say that the stone walls of the place where he lived are still to be seen. Later the Emperor sent to make inquiry and find out, and lo, they discovered the stone walks intact proving that what the north Korean had said was true." Thus we talked together.

The moon was bright. I was on the point of returning to my room and retiring for the night when suddenly a sound of singing was heard from the shrine beyond the east wall. I threw on my cloak and went out to listen. One man sang the song and many others joined in the chorus. Drums and gongs kept time to the music. It was like what our witches indulge in, when they exorcise demons.

In the north court about midnight a dreadful confusion arose. I asked what could be the matter, and was told that a wild Chinaman had climbed over the wall and was caught by the mapoos and attendants. They made him fast and in the morning handed him over to the city *yamen*. Again I heard that he had been drunk and had fallen on the outside of the wall, that the *mapoos* and attendants desiring to create an excitement, had tied a rope to him and pulled him over. This was later found to be the case and he was let go.

(To be Continued).

THE CRIMSON DAWN

(Continued from the *March* number)

CHAPTER XIV

TO MAKE DOUBLY SURE

Not very long, counted by figures on a dial, after the dapper young visitor came inquiring for his sister, the same gentleman again passed the school portals and the old gate keeper wondered what his sister could have done or said to have made the young fellow look so angry.

Surprised and confused he could do nothing but accept the ultimatum of that queenly young person, and had left rather more hurriedly than was consistent with proper dignity, but that course had seemed necessary to escape further humiliation. If Kumokie had been trying to awaken his interest, which thing had not entered her mind, she could scarcely have found any method more successful than that which she had followed. The same queer kink of human nature which makes the child prefer the forbidden sweets to any other treat, in the full grown man makes him more anxious to acquire that which is most difficult to obtain, and particularly is this true in affairs of the heart. The woman too easily won has little attraction compared to the bright being who, with maiden modesty, holds herself beyond his sphere.

Noch Kyung had gone to the school coolly indifferent, though curious as to the charming young woman; he came away hotly indignant but keen to conquer her rebellious spirit, to make that proud creature bow before him as master. It would be too strong to say that at this first interview he had fallen in love with his wife, but he had seen that this was an unusually beautiful woman, that she had the culture and refinement desirable in the one who should take the place he offered her in his home.

"She is mine and I'll have her,—the tigress!" this was his avowed course as he strode away moodily to the inn. Whether he won her by the tenderness and devotion of a lover or by the hard, harsh methods of the cave man, was of

no importance to him. He knew that she had been prejudiced against him by the Christian teachings of the relatives who had reared and educated her, and his bitterness against them increased. He completely overlooked the fact that she owed to these influences the very qualities which had drawn him to her again. Neither did he think of her probable condition if she had remained with the old miser in Saemal, where, long before this, in following the customs and ideas of those people, her life would have been so degraded and the burdens so heavy as to have brought her to misery and premature old age.

Feeling thwarted and altogether uncertain as to his rights in question, although he had spoken with such assurance, Noch Kyung sought a well known lawyer and laid before him his interesting problem, asking his advice in making more secure the slender bonds which existed between him and the girl. That which he heard from the legal adviser sent him off again in post haste, this time in the direction of Saemal.

He had never expected to visit again this despised spot. Those long distant unhappy days of his boyhood seemed like half-forgotten dreams. He approached the village by the path along the beach but his thoughts were so preoccupied with plans for the future that he passed the old lookout, the spot which had once been his house of dreams and later the greatest solace to the deserted Kumokie—passed it without a glance of recognition. Riding at rest on the blue waves of the tiny bay were two fishing smacks; and nearby a rusty looking old man sat on an overturned dory by a sand doon and puffed away at his pipe while he lazily mended an ancient net. The young dandy from the capital, fresh and crisp looking in his new mantle, approached this individual and stood looking down on his work a moment before he inquired:

“Will you please tell me, stranger, where I can find the house of Ye Chang Sook? I suppose that he still lives in your honorable village.”

The old fisherman very deliberately and slowly laid down the net, took the long stemmed pipe from his lips and with the dazed look of non-comprehension gazed at the newcomer as though he had not heard.

Then raising his voice and with a show of some annoyance Noch Kyung repeated:

"I say, where does Ye Chang Sook live here? Are you deaf?"

Disdaining to answer the question the old man replied with evident distrust:

"Who are you? What business it that to you?"

"Me, Oh, I'm just a business man from Seoul, used to know Ye a long time ago and just thought I'd hunt him up." The steady, inquisitive gaze of the old fellow made him somewhat self conscious and embarrassed, and he stooped to pick up a shell and flung it out over the blue water. With an inarticulate growl the old man took up his mending again and turned a cold shoulder to the unwelcome visitor, which strange and impolite behaviour nettled that gentleman very much.

"What's the matter? Why don't you answer a polite question?"

"I don't know any thing about it, you can find out for yourself," he shrugged in answer. Then some trick of expression or turn of speech brought back to Noch Kyung some vivid recollection of the past and in a swift moment he recognized the man, and in a warm friendly voice he said:

"Oh, I know you now, you are Mr. Paek who once lived on the hill near the great chestnut tree!" Mr. Paek gazed at him open-mouthed with astonishment, still his sense of discretion did not desert him:

"Well, what if I am? I didn't say I wasn't, did I? But who are you? That's what I wanted to know."

"Come now, don't be so suspicious, Mr. Paek. Don't you remember the chap that came and lived with Ye for awhile as his son-in-law. Don't you know me?"

"There does seem to be something familiar about you," shaking his head doubtfully, "but I don't know. Those dogs of the law are mighty cute and smart, but it's none of my business to help them even against old man Ye." Seeing his fear, Noch Kyung told him enough about himself to allay his distrust and to prove his identity. Then he asked:

"Does Ye still live in the little house on the beach?"

"No, that house fell down while he was in prison. The old woman died during that time too, and he now has one room at the house of Han Comchil's since he came back."

"Prison? What did you say about prison?"

"Yes, prison. Where have you been that you did not know that?"

"Truly I have heard nothing from Saemal or of the people here since I left ten years ago," sitting down near the overturned boat on the white sand, "Won't you please tell me about what has happened before I go to see him? Then I will know better what to say to him."

"Counterfeiter. Buzzard's island over there," pointing with his chin in a general direction seaward, "got caught shortly after you left. I guess. He and Han were put in prison. Just got out three weeks ago."

"So that was it? Well why didn't I guess it before?" The old Korean money, the nickel or the cash was easy enough counterfeited with even a few crude instruments if one had the ability to imitate or copy designs. This news explained the many things which for these years had remained a mystery about Ye, and as he climbed the hill leading to Han's house he mused on the probable condition of the Ye exchequer and on the way in which fate was playing into his hands:

"Just the same Ye, no doubt, and in the old days he would have sold his soul, if he has one, for a few hundred *yang*, and his precious grand-daughter will be no more to him now than she was then. Looks pretty smooth sailing for me." Thus comforting himself he came to the door of Han's house. There he was immediately ushered into the *sarang*. He could scarcely recognize in the white-headed, broken old man whom he found there, the man he had once so hated and despised. The changes wrought by the years however were mostly external, in many ways he was not greatly different. The loss of most of his hoarded wealth and the secret source of it had filled him with a great bitterness which had been intensified by his long term of confinement.

He did not recognize the visitor who now stood before him and glanced at him with scant interest and less courtesy.

"Well, father Ye, you don't seem to know your long lost son!" Long and searchingly this strangely assorted pair looked at each other, looked as though each was trying to read the other's thoughts and motives. The old antipathy revived and the man seemed more like he used to be as he proceeded to lash himself into a fury :

"You low down, good for nothing son of Kim! What do you come here for now? Just to torture and laugh at a poor, broken man. Why don't you laugh? Isn't it funny to see me thus? Ha! Ha! Well, even if it does amuse you it will be safest for you to get away from here and pretty quick too. I am not in the mood to take any of your impertinence now, not one word! Go, I say, go!" he shook a menacing fist at the visitor and scrambled to his feet.

"It isn't good business sense to send me off like that. Neither is it wisdom to act and judge so harshly before you know the facts and the purpose I had in mind when coming here. I did not know about your trouble until a few minutes ago. I only came to talk over a certain question of business. There is a little matter in which you can do me a great service and in so doing you have much also to gain. It is to your favor to hear what I had to say, but of course if you refuse to hear me I can only retire," as he made a motion to turn away.

"Business? What business transactions has a dragon with a snail? You seem to have managed very well in your honorable business for these past years without any great need of my aid. I'll make a guess that it's some knavish trick of which you are ashamed that you are up to now!"

Noch Kyung was generally somewhat of a diplomat not lacking for words but this unexpected attitude on the part of this old man made him very uncomfortable and uncertain as to how to begin his story or what to say. It was hard to tell a man like this his plans for the future, not knowing just what to say or what would be the best manner of approach, but realizing that something had to be done quickly he blurted out the whole secret without any introduction :

"It's Kumokie!"

"So that's it, huh? Well, my fine gentleman, she has

turned out to be a heap too good for you, from what I hear. I'll tell you right now before you begin, to save your breath. The despised daughter of the low house of Ye despises you now, does she? Well, I'm glad of it, proud I am of her for it. You need not come to me for any help in your infernal plans. Her mother's brother is now her guardian, her father, go to him and make your important words!"

"I suppose I had best tell you the whole story. It is my way to be frank and sincere and I'll tell you everything," then he told about Uncle Tochil's letter, of his visit to Okchung and to the school; of his determination to keep her as his legal wife and of the way in which she had disdained and refused his offer.

"So? Good for my grand-daughter! Good for little Kumokie, I'm glad she has some spunk. May she live ten thousand times ten thousand years!"

The embarrassed boy flushed at these taunting words and replied:

"You thought that I had come to glory over your misfortunes but it is you who are rejoicing over my troubles. I intend to have Kumokie whether or not you help me, but it is very much to your interest to do so."

"None of my business, I'm through with you and all your tribe forever!"

"Please don't say that! After all why should you refuse to help your grand-daughter to her rightful place as the first and lawful wife of my father's son? She can not marry anyone else according to her Christian notions for I will not give the consent necessary to the divorce. This is the point on which the case hangs and that child marriage is still binding before the Japanese courts. But one point I fear, and I tell you frankly, those foreigners in that school may take the matter up and the lawyer whom I consulted said that if I could have evidence that my money was used to help support and educate her that no court would break it. All I ask is that you accept certain funds regularly for your own use and for her, of course she and her uncle are to think that it is your generosity, and then if ever it becomes necessary that you

testify to the facts,—well I am doing well in my business and can afford to be liberal.”

Knowing old Ye as we do it is scarcely necessary to say that before long they we wonder to the sordid details of the money transactions. Sarcastic and biting he continued but he saw that this was a most glorious opportunity to feather his nest and at the same time to help his “Beloved granddaughter” to her rightful position. It gave him unusual pleasure to appear to stand with Kumokie in her opposition as long as by so doing he could annoy Noch Kyung, but like the weather-cock his opinion could easily change if the variable wind was advantageous to him, and before the young man left Saemal the matter was arranged with perfect satisfaction to each of them, and the certainty of Kumokie’s future made doubly sure.

CHAPTER XV

A SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

The pride of Okchung over the achievements and honors of Kumokie and Elizabeth was beautiful and became a means of encouragement to other parents in their efforts to educate their daughters.

For days before the return of the two girls this was the chief topic of conversation in the village and all were on the alert to see what changes had been wrought in these who were their joy and crown. On the day of their return many friends, neighbors and former companions at Maria’s school came out to meet them. As is the happy custom of Korea they come in a crowd about ten *li* down the valley and there awaited the travellers. During the days that followed little escaped their eyes for they watched and observed most carefully every action and word of these old friends who now seemed so different and in whom they looked for some other changes even more radical. The attitude of the girls towards their parents; whether or not they were helpful in the home; whether they would be selfish and proud of their success; whether or not they would add anything of interest and inspiration to the Sunday School and Church services, in all this

Okchung became a self constituted committee of observation. No critical spirit, not that; no, they were merely waiting anxiously to see whether or not a diploma in the hands of a Korean girl would turn her head.

There had not been lacking those who from the start were pessimistic and who did not hesitate to say that they expected nothing good from such a course. As each returning vacation proved the girls the same sweet, unspoiled daughters they still shook their heads.

"Too soon yet to know! Just wait until they return with their diplomas and see what proud minds they will eat then."

On the other hand there were those who pointed to Maria as proof sufficient to refute the argument:

"Just look at Maria! Hasn't she more book-knowledge than all the country side put together? Yes, and who would hesitate to say that she is without doubt the most beloved woman we know?" but the other critics continued sadly to shake their heads:

"Could we expect any one else to be like our Maria?"

The girls, unconscious of all this talk, came home glowing and happy to tell their friends of all the things which had happened to them. Not knowing these thoughts and fears they were natural and unaffected in their relationships with old friends and never even noticed the slight embarrassment on their part which marked the first few days.

For some months Elizabeth had been betrothed to No, the son of their old friend, Pastor No. This was a fine young man, a successful teacher in one of the largest Mission schools, of splendid character and making a name for himself in the life which he had chosen. They had known each other from childhood and there existed between them that mutual admiration and esteem which is as yet rare in the orient between men and women. Although one page of history was turned and her school days ended, Elizabeth had no doubt that life held many beautiful and happy things for her and looked forward with joyous anticipation to the days to come. To Kumokie there was trepidation and hesitation, shrinking from the suffering which she knew lay before her. What was yet

sealed up in that mysterious Book of Life? She longed to know and yet trembled with fear to approach and read.

The days following the visit of Noch Kyung to the school she had lived in constant dread that he would return or send some message to her. She did not know what to look for and this uncertainty made her restless. She had no doubt that he intended and was fully able to carry out his threat. She underestimated neither his determination nor his ability but she had no idea of the length to which his patience would carry him. As the months passed and there was no evidence on his part of active hostility she could not understand, never dreaming of the real subtlety with which he was silently but surely weaving about her a strengthening warp in the web of the bonds which held her to him. For a long time she was startled and frightened by each stranger who appeared; every time the postman came she felt that chill clutch of fear until the letters were distributed and she was certain that there was no word from Noch Kyung. She grew more anxious and nervous waiting for the thing, she knew not what, which was awaiting her. Our fears are always more dread inspired when we see before us some mysterious dark menace yet can not discern the nature of the harm threatened.

Uncle Tochil had made investigations into the law and being at last convinced that for the present there was nothing that he could do he maintained his optimistic hope that Nock Kyung would finally consent to the proper legal forms when he realized that his claims were useless. After many weary, anxious days Kumokie too was satisfied that he had only spoken thus in his rage and that when he considered the matter more carefully that he had come to the sensible conclusion that he did not want an unwilling bride. The long, continued silence confirmed this belief and the last year in school was much less perturbed, though her mind was frequently agitated with fears. Sometimes at night as she tossed restlessly from side to side, she asked herself the questions which she most feared to answer. After all, was it the fact that he would not divorce her which disturbed her peace of mind? Had she not long ago decided that she did not want the thing they

called a divorce? A torn piece of paper, what did that matter? Not a whit! Hundreds of times in her mind had she gone over again that memorable conversation. She could recall every word he had spoken, every tone, every glance. Would he indeed claim her again? Did she not long and hope that he would do this very thing even while she struggled against it? Regardless of what she knew to be right her loving, human heart spoke for him more eloquently than any word of his. Perhaps he had gone forever! Would she ever see him again? Over and over again she asked herself turbulent questions; round and round in a circle spun her thoughts until she grew dizzy and weary with the thinking.

During these last two years in school the unexpected kindness and the financial aid from grandfather Ye was the means of relief to Uncle Tochil and of providing many little necessities and luxuries which before had been beyond the reach of Kumokie and Elizabeth.

Now school days were over; the sweet girl graduates were back home again in the dear old village, and were the pride and life of the fond friends there. Under the protecting love of home even Kumokie was beginning to feel once more the thrill and joy of living and serving. Maria's faithful eyes searched the dear face to know the true state of her heart, but the calm exterior gave little hint of the storms which sometimes raged within. That the girl needed comfort she well knew, and perhaps advice. She was no longer a child, but a woman. No matter how much her friends might love and wish to shield her from danger and temptation there was no fortress save that erected in her own heart which could protect her in this time of need. The opportunity to speak to her came one afternoon as they two sat alone under the old *nutie* tree. The work of the house was neatly done; the sun of the long summer afternoon was ablaze on the mountains and the distant valley, and the cool shade of the friendly tree was refreshing. This was the most delightful and quiet spot about the home. Maria lifted her eyes from the new stitch she was learning by the aid of the accomplished Kumokie and with a look of compassion and tenderness she said:

"My daughter, it is hard for even me to speak to you on the subject which I know is so painful to you. But we know not what a day may bring forth and you may need a true friend to advise and comfort you. It breaks my heart to see the look of sorrow and loneliness which comes to your eyes when you think no one is noticing you; you never speak of your life in Saemal though of course I know about it; you never speak of the things which you think and feel now, but I believe that if you would open your heart and tell the one who has tried faithfully to be a mother to you,—if you could tell me about these things it might ease the pain and perhaps make the way seem plainer." She took up her work again, the needle flashing as she bent her face above the delicate fabric in her hands. Kumokie however laid aside her embroidery; the bright color flooded her usually pale face and her eyes sought the face of this friend whom she knew to be wise and good and yet so loving and able to understand. But she did not answer and Maria took up again the thread of thought:

"You have a hard fight before you. I do not believe that the determined young man has given up so easily his demands and I think it is most likely that we will hear something more from him before many days. In the meanwhile you must be sure of your own heart, your line of action must be decided and secure. Those even who love you most are helpless in this time of trial, you must know the thing which is right for you to do and if you have not the strength to abide by that then no one else can help you."

"O, what shall I do? I hate him! Yes, I do, I hate him! He has made my life miserable since I was a little thing. He went away and left me without a care to what-so-ever sad fate might await me, went away forever! After you had taken me and helped me to a higher life, educated me, loved me as I never saw love before,—then he comes back to do that which will ruin my life and my happiness. Yes, I hate him!" the vehemence with which she made this declaration did not deceive the wise woman beside her. Did she not know that the pain of a woman scorned was apt to bring just such outbreaks? Maria's life had been ever shield-

ed from evil things without or within ; her home was almost ideal so far as the benedictions of love were concerned ; about her were loving children, the devoted husband whose care was always to keep her from the bitter and rough experiences of life. How then did she know how to read the heart of this other woman whose story was so different from her own ?

Whence comes woman's insight, call it intuition or whatsoever you will,—by means of which she is able to discern the mind of another without reasoning and without experience of a like nature ? Perhaps it comes from a veiled introspection, an unconscious knowledge of her own heart and of what she might herself be capable of under like circumstances. Is it this cognizance that each human heart has of its own possibilities, which gives this finer understanding of another's actions and words ? Such intuition on Maria's part gave her a comprehending sympathy for the anguish of Kumokie and in consequence she could and did feel with her in kind if not in degree the pain of her situation.

Her cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling, the girl continued:

“Do you think that I could have lived with you all these many years and have learned from you the things you have taught me concerning God and life and yet not know my duty, not know what is right in a matter of this kind ? If I should fall into this temptation would it not bring shame and sorrow to you ? I must think not only of my duty to God and to my own soul but to you also who have been more than earthly father and mother to the lonely orphan girl.”

“Yes, I am confident, Kumokie, that you know the right from the wrong and I believe also that you have no other desire or purpose than to do the honorable thing. I foresee, however, that there is a trial more tempestuous than you yourself as yet can understand and when that day comes you will not be able to stand alone, yet no earthly friend, no matter how much they love you nor how greatly their hearts may yearn over you, will be able then to help you, there is only One on Whom you can depend for help for your own heart is your worst enemy.”

Kumokie looked in amazement at her friend ; she knew

that Maria would understand and yet this expression of what she herself had realized was almost uncanny.

"Yes, I know that what you say is true. But there is only one thing in earth or under the earth of which I am afraid,—that is sin. As long as my heart is pure and clean I will trust in my God to deliver me from sin and from temptations too strong for me to bear."

"I am glad that you recognize your danger, I had feared that you were still so much of a child that you would fail to see where the real trial would come. I have heard that this boy was kind to you in those days at Saemal?"

What memories came trooping back at this simple question! Again she was in the big thatched house on the hill and trembled with terror before the fierce anger of old man Ye; once again as many times in memory she stood before that cruel judge in the little hut by the beach; had her quick feet sped noiselessly towards the outlook where she was sure to find Noch Kyung,—in all these dark places there was always one bright ray, one person besides the frail little mother who was never cruel to the little child. As she still did not answer, but kept that far away gaze fixed on the distant valley, Maria softly asked again:

"Was Noch Kyung not kind to little Kumokie?" With a start she brought her roving mind back from those long distant days to the present; slowly and carefully she answered:

"He was never unkind to me."

"But he long ago forgot and cast you away and took another woman for his wife, and before God, if not before all men, she is his only lawful wife. If you should go to him now it is you who would be in reality the concubine."

There was a slight note of indignation in her voice as she replied:

"Have I no knowledge of this elementary truth?"

"I am only reviewing in my own way the present status of the case. We must both understand the crisis and what is involved."

"The subject is so painful to me, there is no need now to talk more of it surely. I have no other idea than these, and

although I thank you with all my heart for telling me and for your sympathy, still I believe that it is all past now and I wish to forget those sad things and to remember only these latter sweeter days." ·

There was a gleam half of pity, half sorrow in the long look which Maria gave the young girl; she watched with soul deep longing the poise of the flower like head, the childish set of the pouting, red lips, the clear, star-like gleam of her dusky eyes. She was so adorably unselfconscious, and the older woman knew that she must tell her that which must somehow change the present even tenor of her way, that which would perhaps bring separation and sorrow to them both,—just what possibilities lurked in the future unknown she dared not even guess. For a long moment the two looked at each other so, Kumokie's lips parted in a faint, wistful smile for there was that in her friend's steady sorrowful gaze which made her uneasy.

"The time has come, beloved, when you will need all the strength of a determined will and the help which is divine to enable you to keep your feet set in a right path."

A long tendril of glossy, black hair fell across her face; her eyes were steady and enquiring but she sprang to her feet panting:

"Maria," she commanded sharply, "What are you saying? What do you mean? Tell me what has happened."

They faced each other in the middle of the room. Kumokie raised one hand with a mechanical gesture to brush back the tendril of hair, but her wistful, frightened gaze did not leave the face of her friend.

"I am no longer a baby, tell me what has happened! Do not try to be tactful and careful, I want the truth and quickly!"

"Noch Kyung has written to your uncle," said she as she quickly untied the string of her *chumanie* (purse-like bag) and drew from it the letter, "Here, you may read it for yourself. He says that it was he who supplied the money which your grandfather has been sending to help you these past two years; that this binds you to him more securely in the eyes of

the law ; that he has waited patiently until now but that shortly he will come to claim you as his wife."

Something caught in her throat, seemed to choke her, weakened her knees so that for a moment she thought she was going to faint, but still she said nothing, the red, half parted lips were those of a child, but the dark, anxious eyes were those of a proud woman.

CHAPTER XVI

Kumokie found herself filled with the spirit of restlessness. Her customary even calmness of disposition was gone and in the midst of the happy, active life about her she led a brooding, solitary life ; into the fortress of her confidence she admitted not even these friends who loved her. She seemed to have withdrawn herself unobtrusively and silently to a retreat far removed from those about her. She wandered and fluttered from one household task to another without completing any one detail of the work. Out of the present her mind was always escaping to other scenes and to the possible future. But a few days before she had been absorbed in needs and happiness of the quiet household. Now she had no real part in it.

Often she stood quietly her eyes fixed on something far distant, her mind and heart on some vague, misty dream which so chained her will that their bonds though firm were so soft and beautiful she had no strength and no desire to break away from the sweetness of these reveries. Then she could unnoticed steal away to the shade of the old *nutie* tree and dream, dream on vaguely, sweetly dream. She wanted nothing so much as to sit on and let her mind drift away from her body into the beautiful clouds of that dream-land called "What might have been." Then suddenly realizing that this was just the danger of which Maria had tried to warn her, that she must not indulge these fancies if she wished to be victorious in her fight, she took this state of mind much to heart and fought it with all her strength. Then inexorably she held herself to the tasks she found to do ; stern set lines gathered from day to day about the sweet mouth ; the dusky

eyes had a look that was almost haggard from the nights of sleepless struggle. By an effort that was super-human she succeeded at last in applying herself to the life about her, but the effort left her weak and shaken. The thing which would possess her soul must be put aside, she dared no longer stand and face the radiance until she could control her own heart and will. In the midst of her agony as she sometimes struggled and sobbed with her desire to seize the happiness of earth which was so near she realized that the prize which throughout her childhood days had seemed remote, impossible,—had now come to her, was pressing itself upon her acceptance and yet that she must hold back, must send him away again; she must not even give a sign that she cared. She dared not look again through the misty dreams into the future if she was to meet and conquer the present. She searched eagerly, humbly through the deeps of her agonized spirit and found there nothing of strength to comfort; in her own heart there was only that which had grown with the years until it would overcome her, that which would, if allowed, sweep over her and leave her passion-racked. Ah, but dear God, the beauty of that dream! the sweetness of it! those dreams!

Maria watched her with a deep understanding of her moods and with anxious longing to say some word, to do something, to help in however weak a way to show her the path for those tender feet. But she was a wise woman and well she knew that this was not the time to speak, that this was Kumokie's battle and she alone could fight and win. The moment of her trial had come and she must meet it,—meet it alone with her God. Uncle Tochil who was generally so placid and optimistic in his views was greatly disturbed and constantly urged Maria to speak again to the girl.

"Don't you see that she needs you. Go, Maria, and speak to the child! It breaks my heart to see her suffer so, but I can think of nothing to comfort her. Surely you know what to say! You are always so wise and have always the right word for the need, I should be like a huge, awkward ox in a dainty rose garden, I would only bring havoc and ruin." To all his words she sadly shook her head:

"No, the time has not yet come. Be patient, she will come through all right. The best and only help you can render her now is to pray. When you feel that you must speak to her, that something must be said, but you know not what, that comfort must be given when you have none to offer, do not forget the Comforter! What can I say to that broken hearted, lonely child? Nothing. But there is One who can calm the storm there even as He did on Gallilee. Ask Him to speak the words that you fain would have spoken." After this gentle reprimand he stole away to the hill and there under the glorious radiance of the afternoon he met his Lord and talked with Him as he would to his dearest friend. When he returned to the house his wife rejoiced to see that he was again his usual, placid self, serene and sure. After that although his heart was troubled by the drawn look of suffering on the face of Kumokie he was confident of the outcome, and did not speak to Maria again about it. This time of waiting and uncertainty was so hard, what would Noch Kyung do? When would he come? These were the questions in the heart if not on the tongue of each. But the days slowly passed with no further sign from him, and each day but added to the spirit of restless anguish and uncertainty which filled Kumokie's heart. The present was a terrible blankness and for the future she saw only loneliness and despair.

The Sabbath came around, and so black was the darkness which filled her heart that when the other members of the household left the house at the hour of service she felt that she could not face the friends at the meeting house, the look of sympathy that some would wear, the curious stare of others, nor yet the critical air of the few who were just waiting to say: "There! I told you so, the little saint is no better than any other sinner!" She did not go to service, but she found her way up among the pines which clustered along the ridge overlooking the little brown church in the valley. Perhaps it was the urgent need that drove her to this place where so many times before she had held sweetest communion with her Lord. Maybe it was an unrealized desire to be near her dearest earthly friends, or the Spirit Himself leading her wayward

feet, whatever it may have been, she felt a sense of nearness and fellowship with those who worshiped within even as she sat on the ridge above held hidden by the pines. She was too far away to hear the words that were spoken, but the hymn reached her distinctly. How well she knew the words of that dear old song! The light breeze swept up the valley and carried the words to her ear, the inspired words, so simple, but so full of vital meaning that they were to bring her the very message for which her soul longed.

"Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,
Anywhere with Jesus in this world below;
Anywhere without Him, dearest joys would fade,
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid."

At the first sound of the music the girl had started and caught her breath. Who has not felt the wonderful power of inspired song? Have you not at some time been lifted out of self and time and sense by the holy strains when the music is from the throne of the Divine? It offers to the sad heart an irresistible appeal and God speaks to His own through the tender pleading of the words.

Louder, fuller swelled the chorus of the little group who were not afraid with Jesus, anywhere to go! These were not trained voices. To many a delicate ear the harshness of the notes, the lack of harmony, the many discords would have grated so much that these would have been the only things noteworthy about the singing of that mountain congregation. Most of these people had never tried to sing a tune of this kind until a few short years ago. Kumokie, too many times, had felt the rudeness of the singing and had a secret hope that some time she would be able to give them an organ and teach them how to keep more nearly to the tune. This morning, however, she did not notice the discords, she did not hear the harsh nasal tones of Grandfather Im who could sing everything in the Hymnal from the Lord's Prayer through the index to the same tune,—no, she heard none of these things, but only the sweet, simple words of prayer and praise.

The strains of melody rose from the expectant, believing hearts and the lone watcher on the hill became conscious that

she was not alone. There was One with her of whom she had thought little during the days just past. Unseen He was in the midst and His glory shone around.

“Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone,
Other friends may fail me, He is still my own ;
Though His hand may lead me over drearest ways,
Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet home.”

The soft, balmy air of the summer morning, the distant, tinkling sounds from the valley below, the drowsy buzz of insects united in a soothing lullaby. Kumokie yielded to their gentle influence ; the dark head sank lower against the brown bowl of the gnarled old pine ; the dark lashes swept the creamy skin and cast a darker shadow on the weat, stired face, then deep, regular breathing stirred the soft throat. A little ground squirrel came out, cast suspicious glances at the queer invader and then scurried away on some half forgotten errand. Then all was still.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

The purple shadows of twilight seemed to enfold Kumokie's spirit. The restless pain and indecision of the past days grew more and more intense. Alone she was treading a winding, mountain path and the darkening shades were creeping longer and blacker over the low sleepy valleys. She was very tired and her feet dragged wearily. Just before her was the parting of the ways, where the mountain trail branched. One, a straight, narrow way was very rugged and rough with stones to bruise her tender feet, and steep ascents too high for her frail strength to scale. As she stopped in speechless sorrow and gazed up this hard and lonely way she trembled in fear ; chill loneliness gripped her heart and she sobbed aloud :

“Oh, no, not that road ! It is so hard and lonely.” She shivered, buried her face in her arms and turned away. Then one stood beside her though she had thought herself alone. His eyes held the tenderness of Divine love and on His brow was a crown of thorns. One hand was reached

out towards the hesitating girl with an appeal of infinite compassion and the other pointed to the heights beyond, but in those hands were wound prints. The pilgrim knew Him instantly and recognized, too, that His call was to the higher road, the narrow, ragged way which seemed so rough and steep.

Sadly, mutely she turned away to contemplate the beauties of brightness and the other way. Broad and shaded it stretched away in smooth invitation to the valley below.

Half hidden amidst the verdant loveliness of the valley was a silver, thread-like river, sparkling in the sunlight. How peaceful and enticing after the dreary mountain path.

Did someone call her? She listened and strained to hear the faint sound. Again. Did she not recognize that beloved voice? Aye, anywhere and always she would know its faintest whisper. She fancied that even in death that voice could call her back to earth. It was Noch Kyung, but where was he? What did he say? She looked eagerly, anxiously towards the valley; she listened to the deep voice and then forgot the Thorn Crowned One above. Nearer, more pleadingly came the voice from below. She could hear the words now.

“Kumokie, Kumokie, Where are you?”

With eager feet she hastened to meet him. O, to see him again,—to listen to the sweet words she had so longed and feared to hear, to look again into those dear eyes and see the love light gleam there for her alone,—ah this would be paradise!

“Here, here I am,” and even as she called he stood before her in all the perfection of her dreams. The one upon whom she gazed with such adoration was not the hard, cynical young man of the world who was Kim Noch Kyung. This was the beautiful ideal whose image she had carried in her heart and called by that name she loved. The light of a noble love shone in his face and she responded with gladness.

“Come with me, my Kumokie; I have many beautiful things to show you in the Valley of Love. Come with me. Do not fear for you shall no more know sorrow or loneliness

or pain for I love you and will show you the meaning of life. Come, do not look upwards to that steep mountain way for there are stones to bruise your tender feet and thorns to tear your dear flesh. I would lead you through this sweet valley into the Garden of Roses where blooms every variety of pleasure and of beauty that the world can bestow. Do not hesitate. Beloved, have you not waited through long weary years for this? Put your little hand in mine and then forget the pain and anguish of the way.

With a long quivering sigh she turned and said :

"Oh, I do want to go with you for I fear the hard toil and loneliness of the mountain peaks, but it is not right. It is wrong, and I am afraid of sin!" and she drew back and hesitated.

His glad laugh rang out :

"Sin? And what is sin? The pleasure to be found in this world ends all! Foolish child! Forget such folly and enjoy this life while you may, for tomorrow you die." While she still hesitated he came nearer and with the tenderness of an accepted lover clasped her in his arms and drew her to his breast. As she yielded herself to his embrace all the pent flood of longing seemed to burst their bonds and to go out to him. What else mattered? So with a happy little smile she said :

"Yes, I will go with you anywhere. But come into the beautiful valley, for I must pluck the flowers in that garden and taste the fruit which is so wondrous sweet."

Hand in hand they descended into the valley, but the Thorn Crowned One looked upon them in Divine pity. The voice beloved sounded in her ears :

"All that is lovely, all that you desire will I give you. No more rough hardness for you now. We will enter together the Garden of Delights." Immediately they stood by its high stone wall. The ponderous gate swung back of its own accord as they approached. Breathless with wonder and admiration she looked about her at the profusion and richness of the flowers : roses, blushing, beautiful, beckoned to her ; lilies slender in pale loveliness nodded their sweet heads in welcome;

violets, heliotrope and all manner of blossoms that she had never before seen lifted their urgent call of fragrance; upon the wall rested luscious clusters of purple grapes, and heavily laden branches of fruit trees gave her a more intense reminder of her hunger.

"How beautiful! how beautiful it all is: I shall be satisfied when I can pick those lovely flowers and eat this perfect fruit."

"It is all yours. Take, eat and be completely satisfied." With a glad cry she ran forward to snatch a blushing rose bud, but even as she touched it fell to ashes under her fingers. Disappointed and surprised she turned away but the queenly grace of the pale lilies made her forget the rose dust and in breathless expectation she leaned over the nodding beauties; their sweet breath fanned her cheek and she buried her face in their silky petals to inhale their fragrance. Behold! the flowers had turned to filthy carrion and the putrefying odor took her breath away. Struggling for air she fled from this horror. Yet again her attention was turned from this strange thing to the purple, dewy clusters which covered the garden wall. She was utterly tired and very hungry and she reached out her hand to take the largest bunch. But what was this awful thing? It was a grinning mocking demon that leered at her; she could not shake it loose from her hand, it seemed to become a part of her, and others more hideous thronged about her. With growing fear and terror she tried to call aloud for help but her tongue refused to utter a sound and with staring eyes she looked at these hateful apparitions. All the joyous anticipation fled from her, leaving her cold with fear and apprehension. Then suddenly were her eyes opened and she saw all things for what they were, not as they had seemed a short while before to her intoxicated senses. This was only a prison filled with dead ashes of hopes, hideous demons and repulsive carcasses, and she had thought it a beautiful garden with rich fruit and fragrant flowers.

She looked for the gate to find a way of escape, but there were only high, bare walls of stone. In anguish of spirit she remembered the Parting of the Ways and the choice which

she had made, then she cried out in terror to the man who had led her this way :

"Noch Kyung! Noch Kyung! Take me away. I'm afraid!" The hard, cold voice of a stranger answered :

"How? Do you not like my garden?"

"No, no, let me out. It is not a garden, it is the prison place of lost souls. You promised me love and beauty and happiness but you are only a cruel stranger that I do not know. Let me out, I beseech you, I am afraid."

Only a laugh of cruel derision met this frantic wail; her heart was bursting with an agony of shame and remorse. Then she remembered the tender pity of the Thorn Crowned One at the Parting of the Ways.

"O if it were not too late and I could choose again, dear Lord, I would not shame Thee so 'Just once again.' I pray for one more opportunity to choose the right way!"

In that place of awful memories, amid the skulls and hideous relics of the tombs she fell upon her knees and lifted up a cry of agony :

"Thy will, O Lord, be done! I see how foolish and ignorant I have been. I do not want my own way now. Anywhere with Thee, Master, the road would not seem lonely nor hard!" She covered her face with her hands and with broken sobs made her confession and a plea for mercy. She saw clearly now that during the past time of struggle it had been because she wanted her own way and was not willing or ready to say 'Thy will be done,' but now how happy she would be to be able to choose again that upward way with the Thorn Crowned One to lead over the dreary ways. Then a strange peace and calmness came over her troubled spirit, that peace which the world can not give and which the world can not take away.

She sprang to her feet and was amazed to find that the Garden of Pleasure had vanished. Again she stood at The Parting of the Ways. She gazed upward toward the heights; the way was narrow and steep, but it did not seem lonely for the Thorn Crowned One was there. With a joyous cry she realized that another opportunity, that for which she had

prayed, had been granted her. Above the rugged steeps she saw that the higher peaks were touched with the crimson and gold of the dawn; over the distant heights there hung a cross which was bathed in the radiance of the coming day; above and encircling the cross was a crown of glory which sparkled and shone resplendant in the light of heaven which streamed down upon it.

The little squirrel came out from his hiding place and looked again and more closely at the strange visitor. She was so still and quiet that he thought she might be dead. No, she was only asleep, for she opened startled, dusky eyes and lifted her head, then Mr. Squirrel scampered away to his home.

With the dazed, uncertain air of one suddenly torn away from the scenes of another world, Kumokie looked about her. To her awakened senses slowly dawned the meaning of the things she had just witnessed.

"Thank God," she murmured softly. In her heart was a new revelation of a truth which she had known before, but not in her own experience. With closed lips she hummed to herself the words which meant more to her than they had before:

"Anywhere without Him dearest joys would fade;
Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid."

Gone was all the restlessness. The storm was stilled, leaving clear, unclouded skies. The Master had spoken His "Peace, be still" to her troubled spirit.

As she slowly made her way homeward her whole face and bearing was a visible expression of this new found calm; the tired, drawn look about the mouth was gone and the lips were set again in their wonted mobile lines of tender beauty; the timid, half-frightened, half-defiant air had given place to that quality of poise, undefinable, which expresses the assurance of a peaceful spirit; the brow was placid and serene; the soft, steady light in the limpid depths of the sweet brown eyes told again of the purity and calmness of a heart at rest.

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